

Public School Corner.

Conducted by the Pupils.

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Assistant Editors.

LOUISE LINDQUIST, 8th Grade, EDWIN POOSER, 7th Grade
RAYMOND DIERA, 6th Grade, FELIX McELROY, 5th Grade
ELIZABETH COEN, 4th Grade, ANNA TURNER, 3rd Grade
LENA LOPQUIST, 2nd Grade

(Unsigned articles should be credited to the Editor-in-Chief. The articles under the different grades are furnished by Assistant Editors elected from the Grades.)

We give below a list of those who have contributed books to the school library, and a list of the books that have been contributed. When we remember that all these books have been contributed within the past two or three weeks we have cause to be hopeful for the future of our library. The number has reached 95 volumes.

Carl Walker, Tom Brown's School Days; American Book Company. Guller's Story of the Thirteen Colonies, Story of the Greeks, Story of the Romans, Eggleston's Stories of Great Americans, Stories of American Adventure, Baldwin's Four Great Americans; Ginn & Company. Stickney's Pets and Companions, Huckleberry Finn, Long's Wonders of Nature, Sperry's Heidi, Strange Lands Near Home, Mary Jambon, Self Help, Edna Morris, Song of Hawthorne, Wayne Tenney's, Thrilling Adventures, Mrs. T. R. Webb, Lorna Doone; Dorothy Somers, Oliver Twist; Cyril Happersett, In the West's Nest; J. L. Clarkson, Robinson Crusoe, Tom Stewart, Vicar of Wakefield; Clyde Jambon, True to the Flag; J. B. Lockey, American Heroes and Heroism, Stepping Stones to Literature.

Our New Teacher.

Our new teacher, Miss Preston, has charge of the 2nd grade during the morning, and during the afternoon she teaches the 5th grade. One end of the chapel has been furnished with benches, chairs and tables, and she uses this as her classroom.

EIGHTH GRADE.

We haven't many callers at school, but the 8th grade is going to turn over a new leaf and make some afternoon calls. Look out for us.

Before the holidays the 8th grade was glad to put off their examinations; but since the fun is over as with the examinations were over, too. All the 8th grade were present on Monday morning.

No new pupils have been enrolled since the holidays. When the 7th grade are installed in their afternoon quarters across the hall, the 8th grade will appreciate the quietness of the room.

SEVENTH GRADE.

At the opening of the school on Monday all were present in this grade but three, who are said to be on the sick list. The three are Gertrude Livingston, Nellie Kael and Louise Tanner.

There was one new scholar to join our class at the beginning of this year.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

How the House Should Be Decked With Christmas Greens.

It would not be Christmas without a wreath of holly in the window or some touch of green about the home. The holly is the first place to be considered in decoration, as this gives the keynote to the rest of the house, says the Philadelphia Times. First and foremost is the mistletoe, or as it is called, the "kissing" branch. This need not necessarily be of mistletoe, as holly can well be mixed with it. But it is correct to be holly or true holly, knots of various colored ribbons on to the stems. The larger this holly can be the better, and it should hang somewhere in the center of the hall.

If there is a looking glass hanging against the wall and this is a great improvement to a small, narrow hall, as it gives an idea of space, let it be enriched by a holly wreath. At the foot of the stairs put a tall earthenware jar of artistic shape, and arrange in it tall boughs of holly and spruce.

The holly can be turned into a great variety of decorations for the home. The wreath is by far the most popular of the decorations.

It is said that holly is a back-ground.

A gilded basket (you can find it yourself at small cost) filled with holly and

There are many who every Christmas put on great quantities of their holly and mistletoe, but our American people answers all purposes, and the holly is the best and the most useful as well as genuine as any foreign article. Every year the south is sending large quantities of mistletoe to export.

Consumption in Africa.

Consumption was unknown to the Africans until it was introduced by slave traders and colonists, but it is now more frequent and deadly than in America.

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WHEN PEGGY TOOK THE KEY

By MARJORIE STEVENS

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Donald Murray was not thinking about the strike.

In fact, it made precious little difference to him at just this moment whether any trains ran on the D. R. and G. tracks at all. His engagement with Miriam Bentley had been suddenly derailed, and that was trouble enough for him. He had appointed himself a wrecking crew of one to act that very night at the church fair and possibly to undo the mischief wrought by too much steam in the form of hasty words. And then had come the orders from headquarters to stand by his instrument until relieved.

Brownsville was an unimportant station in the center of a thriving farming section. Its stockyards and grain elevator dwarfed the passenger station, and there wasn't enough business in the whole town to support a night telegraph station. In fact, Donald, with his lanky helper and messenger boy, Andy Johnson, constituted the entire D. R. and G. force.

Young Murray was not afraid of work, and at any other time the order to remain at his post for twenty-four hours would have affected him not at all. But tonight he thought of Willson, Graham, Donaldson and the rest all clustered about the table where Miriam was selling fudge and other homemade sweetmeats, and his hands were plunged deeper in gloom.

The idea of disobeying orders, however, never entered his head, though he did not fully realize the danger which beset the road. This strike through the great wild west was not the ordinary seething turmoil of sudden dissatisfaction which yields quickly to pacific treatment. It had been a prolonged, quiet struggle between capital and labor, with no apparent gain on either side, but an attempt to install a yard force of "scabs" at Midford Junction had precipitated active demonstrations. Seeds of trouble had been sown with reckless hands in the shops and yards, where the stolid Swedes, seeing their jobs and comfortable home lives threatened, had set their teeth hard. And when a Swede says nothing, but draws his eyelids down to a narrow slit, railroad authorities know that trouble is brewing in the brain behind that stolid face.

Andy Johnson stuck his head into the door. Murray caught sight of a vivid red necktie and knew what was coming.

"You won't need me, will you? I want to take in the fair again."

Andy's long, lank body, clad in a wonderful store suit of gray, green and brown checks, followed his good natured face. He closed the door, and his voice took on a wheedling tone.

"There's going to be such a doin', honest to jeez, Mr. Murray! That there fish pond just takes my eye, and you get the funniest things what you ain't expectin' to get. Then there's goin' to be a votin' contest tonight. That silver toilet set cost so much no one won't buy it, so they're goin' to vote it off to the most popular lady present."

Murray's face was suddenly illuminated.

"Of course you can go, Andy. There won't be much doing here tonight. Besides, I want you to do some voting for me." He laid a five dollar bill on the table. "Miss Bentley must have that prize."

"Of course she will. Everybody likes Miss Miriam," assented Andy, with eyes fairly devouring the bank note.

"But we want her to be so far ahead of the other girls that they won't be in the running. See? Now, you vote that money show. Have it changed and vote it a quarter at a time."

Andy nodded and then, filled with importance, turned to go.

"Wait a minute."

Murray drew a pad toward him and bit his pencil nervously. But at last the note was finished and carried away by the elated Andy. It read:

My Dear Miriam—I am sorry that I cannot be with you tonight when you win the prize, for of course you will win it. Andy will vote for me, and when it is over won't you send me word how many votes you received? I ask very little, and it is so lonely down here. I must stay because there is trouble of some sort up the line. I know it can't be as bad as the trouble that has been in my heart since we quarreled. Yours, DONALD.

stalled there and the fast freight happened to whir after it round the curve, as it usually did now that the time card was demoralized by weak service, there might—

Murray closed a nervous hand over his revolver. Nothing must happen. He sat thus with straining ears for half an hour. To him it seemed as if hours had passed when suddenly he heard a faint tap at the outside door. Very cautiously and with revolver in hand he stepped to the door and asked in a firm, clear voice, "Who's there?"

"It's—it's me—Miriam."

Almost dropping his revolver, Murray threw open the door and drew the girl inside.

"Miriam!" he gasped and led her into his little den.

"Yes," she replied, with the calmness of the feminine mind which can ignore past grievances when it chooses to rise above them. "I wanted to thank you for helping me to win that lovely prize, and I—well—I didn't think Andy—could thank you quite as well as I could."

It was full ten minutes before Donald Murray came back to earth and the realization that No. 3 was four minutes overdue. Just as he reached his hand toward the instrument to communicate with the junction the door of the outside room creaked, and a burly form, followed by another and another, pressed into the waiting room and jerked down the small gate leading into the agent's room. Murray did not wait for a second glance at the intruders. One hand stretched toward the revolver, the other toward the

revolver.

"No messages goes out of this office tonight, young feller."

For answer Murray's finger sent the first word over the wire. With an oath the leader sprang forward, and something cracked with a sickening sound in Murray's right arm. He turned white, and the left hand loosened its grip on the revolver. A burly flat shot forth, but a small, white one closed over the weapon first. Miriam stood beside Murray, the revolver leveled at the group of men.

"Send it, Donald. I'll shoot the first man that moves!"

Her voice trembled, but not with fear. Murray felt his brain reeling.

"I don't know what happened," he murmured thickly.

The men were edging away.

"Tell him!" cried Miriam. "What have you done to that train?"

Down at the junction they caught the words and wondered why Murray had such a jerky, uncertain touch.

"No 3 derailed Jamison arroyo. Hold No. 3 and send help."

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Above the mantle in the Murray home there hangs an out of date revolver. When Master Donald Murray, aged six, discovered it and asked where it came from his father replied:

"That is your mother's. She once used it to bring down big game."

"Why can't she shoot it now?" persisted the boy.

"Because she doesn't know how," was the answer as Donald Murray, Sr., gave a laughing glance in his wife's direction.

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Moving to a Mysterious War.

"While spending an afternoon at Pendleton's game the year before the war, by one of those wonderful streaks of luck which touch a gamewaster not twice in a lifetime Stevens won \$1,000 on a fifty dollar stake," says James Matlock Scott, writing in the National Magazine about Thaddeus Stevens. "At midnight, as he left the fare palace, after a terrapin supper and a bottle of Roderer, he was accosted by a plethoric negro preacher, who had come all the way from Lancaster to solicit subscriptions to put a roof on the Zion Macedonia church, near old Thad's home. The negro preacher approached him timidly, saying:

"Boss Stevens, kaint yer gib something to de Lawd and our church?"

"Yes," said old Thad. "I like the security and will down with the cash."

"He handed him a \$100 bill and slowly walked toward the carriage which was to convey him to Capitol hill. The colored dominie hastily glanced at the bill under the gas lamp and saw it was a \$100 greenback."

"Fore de Lawd, boss," he said as he plucked him by the coat, "you hab made a mistake and gib me a \$100 bill for a ten dollar."

"Take it, my friend," said Stevens sentimentally. "I have heard it said that God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

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The Early White Man.

A traveler in the interior of Africa thus describes the effect which his presence had upon the natives: "My appearance on this occasion, as on

effect of disease and a sign of weakness, and there is not the least doubt that the white man is looked upon by

and Debility."

Isaac Story, A. M., writes, Sept. 10, 1900: "I was in bad health, I had stomach trouble for 12 months, also dumb chills. Dr. J. W. Mory prescribed Herbine. It cured me in two weeks. I cannot recommend it too highly. It will do all you claim for it."

Sold by all druggists.

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Why man alive, the sun could never

disfigure a man's face like that.

Riley—Ye don't know me son, Dady.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Keep sharp lookout for No. 2.

No. 3 was the D. R. and G.'s crack train. It carried the mail and the bulk

of the freight.

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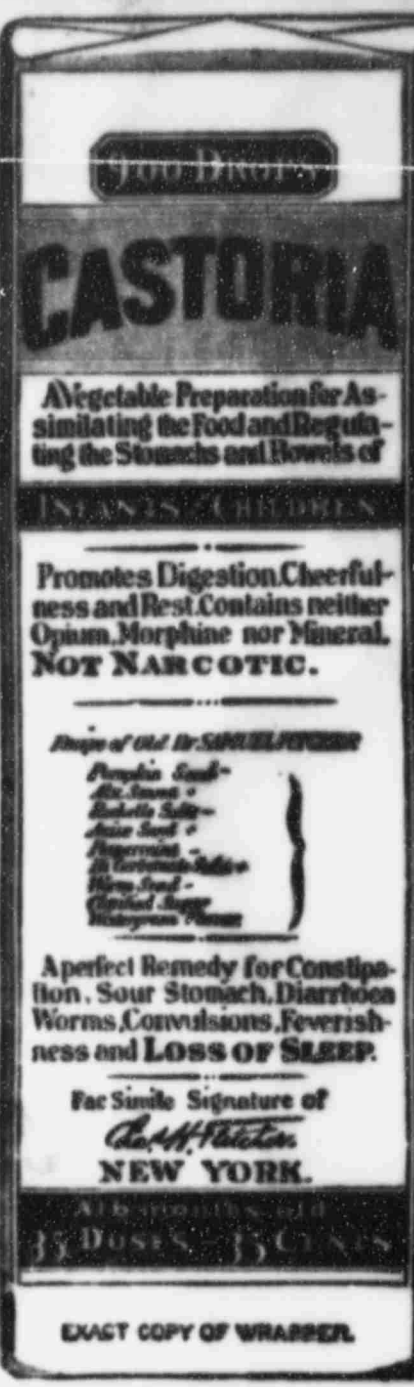
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